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HERR EUGEN D'ALBERT.

POETS have always thought themselves on safe ground when exalting the virtue of patriotism. They feel as secure against contradiction there as a parson does in the pulpit, and shrink not from the most strained heroics. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, openly challenged the existence of any man not animated by the purest and strongest love of country:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,

That never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land?

Whose heart has not within him burned

When home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand?

So Wordsworth, who speaks of being—

“fast-rooted in the ancient tower

Of my beloved country, wishing not

A happier fortune than to wither there.”

But a great many different sorts of people seem necessary to make a world. Exceptions, at any rate, appear to be required, in order, by contrast, to magnify the virtue of the rule. Wherefore, the man who maligns his native country has, after all, a *raison d'être*, and does not exist in vain. He is the shadow on the landscape, that intensifies the splendour of the sun-lit slopes. Let us not, therefore, pass him silently and contemptuously by.

In its issue of December 29 last, the *Musical Standard* gave a short biographical sketch of Eugene d'Albert, a young Englishman—native of Newcastle-on-Tyne—whose remarkable powers as a composer and pianist had for some time attracted considerable attention. “It was stated,” says our respected contemporary in a recent summary of the notice in question, “that he was the son of Mr. Charles d'Albert, the well-known writer of much graceful dance music, that the boy, at the age of thirteen, was elected (after competition) to a free scholarship at the newly-established ‘National Training School for Music,’ subsequently gaining the Queen’s Scholarship, founded at that Institution by her Majesty; that he was trained under Sir (then Mr.) Arthur Sullivan, Dr. J. Stainer, Mr. E. Pauer, and Mr. E. Prout; that the progress he made in his studies during the five years he was a pupil at the School was so satisfactory that he was selected to play before the Philharmonic Society and at the Crystal Palace concerts; that his compositions—notably an overture for full orchestra and a piano-forte concerto—written while *in statu pupillari*, met with distinct approval at our best concerts; that on the recommendation of Sir Arthur Sullivan, he was nominated Mendelssohn Scholar, so that he could

go abroad and widen his already-acquired knowledge; and, lastly, that Herr H. Richter, the conductor, about eighteen months ago, took him to Vienna, since when he has been playing with much success at the chief towns in Austria, Germany and Russia.” This I believe to be a succinct statement of absolute, incontrovertible facts, and one might have supposed that Mr. d'Albert felt proud and glad to have so fair a record translated into German, and circulated amongst the public to whom he now appeals. But this unfortunate youth felt nothing of the kind. On seeing the *Musical Standard* article in the *Neue Musik Zeitung* of Cologne, he was impelled to take up his pen and address a corrective letter to the editor. Here is the precious epistle, as faithfully translated by Mr. T. L. Southgate for our contemporary aforesaid:—

“Much honoured Mr. Editor,—

“A short time ago I received a copy of your excellent paper containing a sketch of my life. Permit me to correct a few errors I find therein. Above all things I scorn the title ‘English pianist;’—unfortunately, I studied for a considerable period in that land of fogs, but during that time *I learnt absolutely nothing*; indeed had I remained there much longer I should have gone to utter ruin. You are consequently wrong in stating in your article that the Englishmen mentioned were my ‘teachers.’ From them I learnt nothing, and, indeed, no one could learn anything properly from them. I have to thank my father, Hans Richter, and Franz Liszt for everything. It is my decided opinion, moreover, that the system of general musical instruction in England is such that any talent following its rules must become fruitless. Only since I left that barbarous land, have I begun to live. And I live now for the unique, true, glorious German art!—EUGEN D'ALBERT, Munich, 29th March, 1884.”

My first emotion on reading this letter was one of unaffected pity for the writer, and with this came regret that the epistle had not been allowed to remain in the comparative obscurity of a foreign tongue. But the matter involved has a more than personal application, and Mr. D'Albert's language is scarcely that which can be passed over, albeit a mere lad has uttered it. I am quite unable to regard the letter as the ingenuous, impulsive statement of a youth. Its avowed purpose was the correction of a “few errors,” but, as a matter of fact, the only point disputed is the meaning which should be attached to the word “teachers.” Mr. d'Albert does not deny that he



"studied" under the professors named. What he does protest is that, though Messrs. Sullivan, Stainer, Pauer and Prout were his teachers in the conventional meaning of the term, they taught him nothing, for the simple reason that "no one could learn anything properly from them." The "few errors" which our young countryman set himself eagerly to correct, dwindle, therefore, on examination into a mere question of opinion regarding the teaching powers of gentlemen who were unfortunate enough to have the boy d'Albert under their care. Let me, for a moment, do a wildly unjust act, and take Mr. d'Albert's word on the point at issue. He describes himself as having benefited by the instruction of three persons—his father, Richter, and Liszt. The last two he did not know during his career in England, whence it follows that Mr. Charles d'Albert, the popular writer of graceful dance music, is the source whence Eugene d'Albert derived all the technical skill shown in his English compositions and performances. The respected father of this poor lad would be the first to deny that any such credit belongs to him. But, if not to Mr. Charles d'Albert, to whom? Or did the boy's technical knowledge, like Dogberry's reading and writing, "come by nature?" "Only since I left that barbarous land," says Mr. Eugene, now hitting back at his father, "have I begun to live;" whence it follows that the young hopeful is only eighteen months old. Truly a marvellous child, as well as an *enfant terrible*!

Let me observe here how our young friend, hastening to correct a "few errors," and not doing it because none such existed, devotes the bulk of his epistle to calumny of his native land. As a matter of personal conduct, this is bad enough, even under provocation, but here the act is quite gratuitous. At any rate, so it appears on first sight. May there not however be an object after all? It is stated that the youth is, on his father's side, of French extraction; anyhow, his name is certainly no more English than it is German. Nothing in Mr. d'Albert's letter concedes the fact that he is an Englishman, while anyone reading the epistle without previous knowledge of circumstances would naturally conclude the writer to be a foreigner who unfortunately spent his early years in the "land of fogs" amid the "barbarous" influences becoming to such a place. I put it to anyone whether this is not the impression conveyed. If Mr. d'Albert aimed at the result just indicated, nothing is easier than to understand why he flouted and scouted everything English. The question whether the end justified the means I shall not give myself the trouble to debate.

It may be asked—Why take serious notice of the words uttered by a mere boy? I have already implied that this question occurred to me; nevertheless, one cannot pass by unnoticed an event which presents a grave aspect. Is it nothing that, in a certain sense, we lose from among our English composers, at this hopeful period of native art, a young musician so accomplished as Eugene d'Albert? The Newcastle youth has qualities of

the highest order, and may develop into an actual genius, with powers sufficient to reflect lustre upon the country of his birth. It is true that he cannot transfer the honour of his nativity from England to Germany, but he can make himself in all essential respects a German musician and leave to his own land a barren credit, such as under the circumstances, would hardly be worth claiming. Some persons may look upon this with unconcern, but I am not of the number. In a musical sense, England needs the help of all her sons—of those especially who are gifted beyond common.

The case has another aspect. There can hardly be a doubt that this young man, when writing his pitiful letter, intended to say what he thought would be agreeable to the musicians among whom he has cast in his lot. Going down from the Jerusalem of London to the Jericho of Vienna he fell amongst the wrong sort of people. I say nothing against Herr Richter. That accomplished musician and amiable man knows England too well to encourage sneers at her, least of all from one of her own children. But when young d'Albert was taken in hand by the "advanced" tribe of German music-makers—representatives of the "unique (happily) true, glorious German art" for which he now lives, he found himself in very different company. There were greedy ears, doubtless, for railings at the "barbarous land," and a disposition to encourage them in order that a young man so gifted might cut himself off from England, and cover with his shining talents the squalid rags of their own artistic poverty. They wanted a clever recruit badly, and seem to have made up amongst them an efficient Sergeant Kite. At any rate they secured the prize, and now young d'Albert, with the ribbons of the "unique, true, glorious," &c., in his hat, has abandoned home and country to fight for a cause sadly in need, not of wordy and noisy, but heaven endowed champions.

We are not yet bound to despair of the boy. He cannot have a large amount of worldly wisdom in his young head, and experience of life may teach him shortly how great a mistake he has made. It is possible that he will come back to us like a Prodigal Son. Shall we receive him like a Prodigal Son's father—kill the fatted calf and be merry? That, beyond question, is our duty, since a *locus penitentiae* ought never to be refused when an erring mortal seeks it. Let d'Albert return, therefore, "with strong crying and tears," and by-gones shall be by-gones. He may not choose to do this, but, hardening his heart, persist in calling himself Herr Eugen d'Albert. In that case I can only say, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." As a German, Herr d'Albert may visit our country, no more deterred by its fogs and barbarity than many of his adopted countrymen. On the whole, I think he had better not. The atmosphere may prove uncongenial and the barbarous customs troublesome.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

III.

At the close of the 1866 campaign in Bohemia I returned to Vienna with the fixed intention—which in due time, I need scarcely say, proved as untenable as the majority of human resolves—of making that delightful city my dwelling-place for the remaining term of my natural life. The Kaiserstadt was then, as it still is, the most musical capital in Europe; I felt that my lines were cast in a pleasant place, and, as soon as I had made arrangements for a prolonged sojourn in the second-floor of a huge palace in the Freyung, I addressed myself to the agreeable task of obtaining admission to the leading circles of professional and amateur musicians. This undertaking was rendered an easy one by the aid of a few cordial letters from masters of the craft in London and Paris, introducing me to eminent Viennese executants who had reaped abundant laurel crops at different times in English and French concert-rooms; and, as soon as the kindly recipients of my credentials discovered that I was not altogether “a profane,” they made me free, frankly and unreservedly, of the inmost arcana of Vienna musical society. During the ensuing three years no production—I may almost say no preparation—of any importance connected with the divine art took place in the Kaiserstadt at which I did not assist, and I still look back to the experiences of that period as the most interesting and instructive of my whole life. Eighteen years ago the Vienna school of pianoforte playing was entering a stage of transition from the calm, accurate, classical method to the fiery, careless, enthusiastic style it adopted early in the ‘seventies, and has since, as I am assured, adhered to. The *crème de la crème* of Viennese musical society was stricken by wonder, rather than filled with admiration, by Rubinstein’s innovations, both in “reading” and tone-production; purists, whose name was legion, took strong exception to Brahms’ roughness and technical *laissez-aller*, as well as to the startling liberties he frequently took with classical texts. His following, at that time, was a small one, compared to what it became in later years, under the energetic leadership of Dr. Edward Hanslick; but it was a compact, resolute, and profoundly convinced phalanx, counting in its ranks some of the most able teachers and accomplished *dilettanti* in the Austrian capital. Brahms’ playing, however—rarely heard, and always severely criticised by two or three of the eminent writers who formed, or at least guided public opinion with respect to matters musical—was not highly esteemed even by those who lauded his compositions to the skies. His renderings of these latter were objected to, as manifesting a reckless disdain of mere executant detail that detracted from their general effect, presenting them to the audience as dashing sketches, instead of as finished pictures. The music-lovers who thronged the Conservatoire or the smaller Redouten-Saal to hear Johannes Brahms play his own music whenever he came up from Pesth to introduce a new trio or P. F. sonata to the public,

felt slighted in that he apparently took but slender pains to gratify their fondness for technical exactitude, and grudged him the license he often granted to himself of “vamping” difficult passages he had not taken the trouble to master, or even extemporising, in their place, others more convenient to his fingers. The critics—with one or two distinguished exceptions—eagerly pointed out these shortcomings, apparently unmindful of the fact (which Brahms himself never hesitated to admit) that perfection of *technique*, pure and simple, was, in his estimation, a matter of small moment compared to the purpose he had always kept steadfastly in view—viz., to convey the true meaning of his musical ideas and poetical conceptions to his hearers. To me his playing was always intensely interesting. Its inaccuracy and slovenliness vexed my ear; but its descriptiveness and, still more, its suggestiveness were fruitful in exercise for the intelligence. One of the strongest impressions it made upon me—leaving, of course, its vigorous and subtle intellectuality out of the question—was that the great Hamburg composer never thoroughly studied any work selected by him for performance in public, but contented himself with mastering its plan and intention, as he understood them, and with imparting his view thereof to his hearers. This he succeeded in doing, as far as my experience of his playing enables me to pronounce an opinion, in a highly forcible and intelligible manner. Brahms never left any doubt upon a musician’s mind as to the meaning of the composer whose work he happened to be dealing with; or rather as to what he (Brahms) was convinced the composer in question meant. His readings of Beethoven, for instance, often differed in essential respects from those of other great cotemporary pianists, notably from those of Rubinstein, whose interpretation of the later P. F. sonatas, in particular, had little in common with that of Brahms, save the actual note-text, and not always even that. But I incline to believe that Brahms is endowed with a clearer and truer insight into Beethoven’s musical conceptions than even the illustrious Moldavian, whose lineaments and facial expression bear so striking a resemblance to the portraits of the immortal Master. Making due allowance for inferiority of *technique*—Beethoven’s execution is said to have been faultless—and for the developments in tone-producing power effected in modern pianofortes, I can fancy that Brahms plays Beethoven’s concertos and sonatas very much as Beethoven himself played them. The influence of Beethoven is so unmistakably manifested in Brahms’ orchestral works, and even in some of his songs, that Brahms may reasonably be credited with an exceptional capacity for entering into the spirit of Beethoven’s compositions. For my part, I am convinced that he is possessed of the capacity in question, and it is by reason of this especial gift that his renderings of the later sonatas—which in the hands of Von Buelow, appear to me mere bloodless, colourless problems—are, to my mind, the most satisfactory I have ever listened to, despite their many technical imperfections. It is probably the result of one of

those inexplicable anomalies which so often characterise artistic natures that one who, as a pianist, seems so indifferent to the attractions of adroit execution should, as a composer, set tasks of such inordinate difficulty to the pianoforte player as those contained in Brahms' P. F. works, some of which exact an almost superhuman flexibility and endurance on the part of their performer. It is just possible that Brahms himself could play them as they ought to be played, if he would take the trouble to practice them. This, however, he does not do—or did not, when I was privileged to meet and hear him—and there are but few pianists living who combine the physical strength, manual skill, and intellectual quickness that may enable a performer *hors ligne* to overcome the formidable difficulties with which the works above alluded to teem. To sum up Brahms' pianoforte playing in a few words, it belongs neither to the old nor to the new school; it is not coldly classical, nor ardently emotional; it lacks some of the qualities that constitute executant greatness of the first order; but it is original, and instinct with a genius that is reproductive as well as creative.

The leading pianist of Vienna during my residence in that city from 1866 to 1869 was Julius Epstein, one of the most careful and conscientious artists in Europe, and almost the last representative of clear, cold, crisp classicality who found favour with the impulsive and somewhat fickle Viennese public. Epstein fulfilled functions of inestimable utility to the music-lovers of the Kaiserstadt, although his intrinsic merits as a performer were relative rather than positive. He was, so to speak, the backbone of chamber-music, whilst Joseph Hellmesberger was its right arm. He could be, and was, relied upon to play the P. F. part in any concerto, trio, or duo that concert-givers might deem it expedient to include in their programmes, no matter at how short notice, and to play it, moreover, with a mechanical accuracy above all praise. Excepting when stars of the pianist persuasion were available to the directors of the Conservatorium or of the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde"—a frequent occurrence in a city which, during the winter months particularly, is the favourite rendezvous of all the most eminent European soloists—Epstein's name was always to be seen on the "bills" of those institutions, carrying with it the foreknowledge that whatever works he was engaged to play would be rendered with irreproachable correctness. His appearance was in perfect keeping with his style and execution as a pianist. Julius Epstein, when I first made his acquaintance, was thirty-four years of age, tall, slight, and of a sallow complexion, with raven black hair, moustache, and whiskers, as carefully attended to as those of the most dandified "plunger" in the Vienna garrison. His clothes, always dark in colour, were admirably cut by Ebenstein, the prince of Austrian tailors, and fitted him to a nicety. His linen was of unspotted and dazzling whiteness; his pale lavender gloves triumphantly exemplified the supreme fitness of things; his patent-leather boots were lustrous

black mirrors. Being somewhat short-sighted, he wore glasses, which enhanced the frigid and precise gravity of his expression. When he was seated at the piano his body never swayed or swerved in the least, even whilst his long white fingers were achieving marvels of agility, but preserved the rigidity and severe *tenué* of a model drill-sergeant under inspection. That such a type of deportment should be frugal in his dealings with the pedals was a natural consequence of the inflexible sobriety characterising his every action. Tausig himself was not more chary of "effects," other than those produced by the finger, than Epstein; whilst Sterndale Bennett had not a more silky and even touch, the result (as he once solemnly informed me) of indefatigable scale-playing for two hours a day throughout some twenty years of his life. In one respect his playing was always a treat; in another, a disappointment. It was as nearly faultless as anything done by human hands could be; but it never made the least apparent effort to awaken the sympathies of the audience for the composer, or to place the performer *en rapport* with those around him. That Epstein would play every note of the music assigned to him, exactly in conformity with all the author's indications touching time, accent, and emphasis, was a foregone conclusion to all *habitués* of Vienna concert-rooms; but it was no less certain that his faithful rendering of what he saw, and nothing more, would be absolutely devoid of enthusiasm, warmth or sensibility. He did not blame, or even deprecate in others what he abstained from himself—more, I have reason to believe, through constitutional reserve than through lack of feeling or incapacity to express what he felt. Rubinstein's wildest extravagancies, such as that impulsive artist would indulge in when playing *en petit comité* to a dozen or so of double-dyed musicians, never stirred Epstein to the utterance of a word of protest or condemnation; but neither did the tremendous success of such *tours-de-force*—I mean, in the way of tone-production as well as of execution—ever tempt him to introduce effects of that class into his own performances. Liszt's might come and Rubinstein's might go; but Epstein went on for ever (and, I sincerely trust, still continues to do so) in the calm, impassive, immaculate style that stamped his playing with the hall-mark of surpassing respectability; defied reproach, ignored emotion, exalted propriety to the rank of a first-class virtue, and, by inference, relegated sensationalism to the limbo of unpardonable vices. Such was the pianoforte-playing of Julius Epstein, the most accurate and least interesting of all the eminent pianists with whom I was brought into contact during my sojourn on the banks of the "beautiful blue Danube."

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

SOME OPERATIC PERSONAGES.

III.—THE CONDUCTOR AND THE IMPRESARIO.

THE position held in reference to the members of the company by the conductor is that of director, counsellor and possibly of friend. But he is respon-

sible alike to the manager and to the public for the fit execution of the works entrusted to his care, and thus his position may well become an invidious one. When a new opera is to be brought out he must in the first place be consulted by the manager as to the distribution of the parts. He has to make himself complete master of the score, and at the rehearsals to verify the orchestral parts into which errors will often creep. When, at the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. Costa was producing Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, he felt called upon to point out and even complain to the maestro, who was present on the stage, that both score and parts contained errors of transcription; on which Meyerbeer protested that he had "only composed" the work. Forty or fifty years ago, it was the custom for the conductor to introduce much music of his own (or anybody else's if it suited him better) into the opera about to be brought out. He was in fact called "conductor and composer of the music;" and this title he, in many cases, retained after his functions as "composer of the music" had, happily, come to an end. The illustrious Tom Cook—the original, it would seem, of a certain sturdy British musician referred to in terms of dubiously high praise by Thackeray in the "Raven's Wing"—composed a new overture to Auber's *Muette de Portici*, or *Masaniello*, the old one not being good enough. The same composer's *Diamants de la Couronne* was adorned, in the English version, with sentimental ballads of the music-shop type and airs supposed to be characteristically Spanish, by two or more composers of the day. The *Cenerentola*, at an earlier period, was pulled to pieces and put together again by a musical dabbler and meddler, who treated in like fashion several other of Rossini's operas. The conductor need never show himself a composer in the creative sense of the words. But in England, where five-act operas cannot be endured in their original form, it is absolutely necessary that he should be able to cut a work without, so to say, spilling too much of the master's blood; and he ought to be skilful enough to bring together again the several portions of the mutilated pieces in such a manner that no scar will afterwards be visible. It is very difficult, however, to curtail a long five-act opera in such a way as to satisfy at once the critical and the uncritical portion of the public. The former cannot but complain if, in the process of abbreviation—that is to say, of amputation and excision—the structure of a complete musical piece is interfered with, which, surgically speaking, is often like cutting into one of the vital organs. The public, however, and probably the manager also, wish to "get on with the action," and thus the question often arises whether, in cutting and compressing an extravagantly long work, the music is to be sacrificed to the drama or the drama to the music. "Leave out whole musical pieces if it is absolutely necessary to shorten the opera, but do not mutilate the pieces you retain" is the counsel that would be offered by true musicians. But the public for the most part wish to follow the story, and the omission of an entire musical piece will

often cause a lamentable hiatus in the march of a drama.

These delicate questions have to be determined by the musical conductor who, moreover, engages the singers, or at least is consulted on the subject, and who, as before said, has an important voice in distributing the characters, while the engagement of the orchestral players is left to him unreservedly. Sometimes he is at variance with the manager as to what the numbers and even the personal composition of the orchestra shall be; for here the question of salaries and the general question of the operatic budget comes in. When the expenses of the theatre are too great it will never occur to the conductor that the sum payable to the orchestra might be lessened, and nothing pains him so much as a suggestion that the number of instruments would bear reduction, or that the services of some of the most expensive soloists could be dispensed with. In the long run, the interests of the conductor agree of course with those of the manager, though this the manager can scarcely believe, when he finds the conductor subordinating economical to purely artistic considerations.

The value of a conductor, however excellent in an artistic point of view, is, of course, increased when he is at the same time a good administrator. It is also desirable and even necessary that he should be an able stage-manager. He must contrive, moreover, without undue yielding, to work harmoniously with the singers who frequently complain, often without reason, that the conductor thinks more of his orchestra than of them, and who are terribly indignant if he shows himself disinclined to tolerate beyond a certain point their vagaries in the way of ornamentation, and of quickening or slackening the time.

The conductor is always a popular personage with the audience, who applaud him as a matter of course when he takes his seat at the desk. Raised above the orchestra, controlling the players as Neptune controlled the waves, he is evidently a personage of no small authority, and in many cases his godlike gestures would alone suffice to call forth general admiration. There are still dark points on our globe where the inhabitants would be capable of believing, what was a very common impression when some 50 or 60 years ago the use of the bâton instead of the violin bow was first introduced, that the sole duty of the conductor consists in throwing himself into expressive attitudes as if now to control the ardour of the performers, now to stimulate them to new exertions. A story is told of the astonishment caused in some French provincial town by the "chief" suddenly appearing in the orchestra without the traditional violin and bow, and armed only with the newly-introduced stick. The theatre received a subvention from the mayor, and the secretary of the municipality had been ordered to draw up a report on the opening representation. He praises the general performance, but professes himself scandalised at the conduct of the new "chef d'orchestre," who, he said, had contented himself throughout the evening with

making gestures. He concluded a very able paper by suggesting that if the conductor did not think fit to play upon his instrument like the other performers he had better be dismissed, so that a useless salary might be saved. The impresario may be a great composer like Handel, or a mere speculator, entirely ignorant of music, like the late Mr. E. T. Smith, who at one time proclaimed in a speech from the stage that opera had too long been performed for the exclusive entertainment of "My Lord Tomnoddy," and that it was his mission to offer it to the public in general, and especially the poorer classes. He afterwards showed his fitness for the self-imposed task by announcing *Don Giovanni* as the work of Verdi, and in other ways. Mr. Mapleson, on the other hand, had a regular musical education. He was a pupil of the Royal Academy, where he studied the piano, the violin, composition, and ultimately, as his principal study, singing. I have heard him play very agreeably on the piano a piece composed by himself. I believe he at one time played the violin in an orchestra, and he has sung, not under his own name, in Italian opera. At Paris in modern times the most famous managers have been administrators appointed by the State, or authors and journalists of repute, with a special leaning towards things musical and dramatic. Under the restoration, the Opéra and the Théâtre Français were directed by a State Department, with an official manager as one of its dependents. Under Louis Philippe, the most famous of the subventioned managers of the Opera were Dr. Véron, proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, and proprietor of the *pâte guimauve*, for the relief of bronchial affections, and Roqueplan, originally known in connection with the *Charivari* and the *Figaro*, as a satirical journalist. Louis Viardot, author of an interesting guide to the principal picture galleries of Europe, and of translations from the Spanish of *Don Quixote*, and from the Russian of Gogol's tales (the latter made with the valuable, not to say indispensable, assistance of Tourgenieff) and who, as the husband of Mme. Pauline Garcia, is better known by his wife than by his works, was manager at one time of the Théâtre des Italiens, now in its renaissance directed by the excellent baritone, M. Maurel.

Barbaja, who produced most of Rossini's, and many of Bellini's and Donizetti's operas and who was at one time director simultaneously of no less than three Italian Opera-houses—at Naples, at Milan, and at Vienna—was originally a waiter at the ridotto or gambling-house attached to the San Carlo Theatre, at Naples. A portion of the profits derived from the gambling-house had to be paid towards the maintenance of the theatre, and Barbaja ended by becoming proprietor, not of the gambling-house alone, but of the theatre also. From Naples he extended his sway to Milan, and afterwards from Milan to Vienna, and that at a time when a long journey was a much more serious affair than it is now, and when the prayer for those who travel by land and by water possessed genuine meaning. Barbaja had in his employment all the great Italian

composers, and all the best Italian singers of his day. So numerous was his company that, unlike the Roman general, to whom every man in his army was personally known, he could not recognise some of them when he met them in the street. On one occasion he was introduced casually to a singer of some celebrity, to whom he politely offered an engagement, when to his horror the vocalist informed him that he had been drawing a regular salary from the theatre for the last three months. "Go," he said, "to Donizetti," at that time Barbaja's musical director, "and tell him to give you a part without a moment's delay." Of Barbaja might have been told the anecdote of the eight bars' rest, connected in England with the name of Ducrow, and in France with that of some other manager. Probably, however, as impresario of a musical theatre, Barbaja had learned by experience that the members of an orchestra were not one and all required to play continuously, and that the horn player, for example, who from time to time kept silence, did not by so doing render himself guilty of a fraud on his employers. At the same time he is really the hero of the story about "lowering" the piano, in which the principal part has also been assigned to M. Balabrégue, the husband of Mme. Catalani. A vocalist having complained that the piano to whose accompaniment she had been rehearsing her part was too high, Barbaja assured her that as soon as she had gone he would have it lowered. The next morning the instrument was as before, a good half-note above the proper pitch. The vocalist still maintained that the piano wanted lowering; upon which the manager flew into a violent passion, and calling in one of the carpenters asked him indignantly why when he had been told that the piano was too high he had not shortened the feet by two or three inches instead of only one. On another occasion a singer who had come to him with a pressing letter of introduction, but who had brought no music, went, at the suggestion of the accompanist, through a few exercises in solfeggio, when Barbaja, mistaking do, re, mi, &c., for the words of some foreign tongue, observed that as the candidate for engagement was apparently unable to sing in Italian she had better apply elsewhere. Once satisfied with his singers, this partially eccentric but substantially reasonable manager would stand by them under all circumstances. In order to mystify him a few of the subscribers of the Scala Theatre had determined on a particular night to hiss Rubini. This practical joke of doubtful taste surprised the impresario beyond measure. After a time, however, he recovered himself, and shaking his fist at the seeming malcontents, exclaimed to the singer on the stage: "Bravo, Rubini! Never mind those pigs. I pay you, and I find your singing admirable." Barbaja, like so many managers of Italian opera, found his occupation in the end a ruinous one, and this, in spite of a fixed subsidy from the Government. In England, from the earliest times not, let us hope, until the present day, the managers of Italian opera have in the long run been uniformly unsuccessful.

Handel began with a fund of fifty thousand pounds, subscribed by aristocratic amateurs, which in a few years was exhausted; and he made his great successes in England, pecuniary as well as artistic, not by the production or composition of operas but by the composition and production of oratorios. Mr. Delafield, one of the first managers of the Royal Italian opera, was a millionaire when he entered upon his disastrous speculation. In a very few years, indeed in a couple of seasons, he had spent everything; though it is true that in the meantime he had been recklessly extravagant in his operatic as well as in his own personal expenditure. Mr. Taylor, the predecessor of Mr. Laporte at Her Majesty's (then the King's) Theatre, passed a considerable portion of his time in the King's Bench prison; and when he was asked whether he did not find it difficult to attend to the affairs of the theatre from the seclusion of a gaol, replied that he knew of no place from which they could be managed with so much advantage. In prison, he said, he was alone and at peace. Here he could issue his directions without being troubled by jealous *prime donne* and susceptible tenors complaining that the part given to them in the new opera was not good enough and that the part given to their rival was too good. Dancers could not go to him with demands for new dresses; and he was beyond the reach of importunate friends begging for free admission. Mr. Chambers, another manager of the same theatre, was reduced to bankruptcy by it. Mr. Laporte could only manage it at a loss, and the same may be said of Mr. Lumley, who was finally obliged to retire into private life. This we may be sure no manager does voluntarily, and against the certainty of their eventful downfall must be placed the equal certainty that as long as they find themselves at the head of the opera-house they will have emphatically a good time, a busy and an anxious time, no doubt, but an interesting one all the same. The impresario is bound to live magnificently, and no one, when the final day of reckoning arrives, thinks it strange that among his items of expenditure should figure in the first place a liberal allowance to himself. He gambles on a great scale. But the game is one in which discretion and enterprise will count for much, and if he is of a proper temperament he never knows that he is beaten, but looks upon each successive failure as nothing more than an urgent reason for getting more money into the theatre, and when money is at its highest, so that all other speculations are shunned, there never seems to be much difficulty in obtaining new capital for an opera-house whose manager is really entitled to the favourite epithet of "spirited." In the present day operatic managers find backers, and are pitted one against the other by rival parties, especially in America. He has larger companies than ever, and, when, he operates in America, he travels in the course of the tour thousands of miles, taking with him in the same train, arranged, and in part specially constructed for the purpose, not only the principal singers, but also the chorus and the orchestra.

A chapter might be written on royal managers, among whom would have to be included the three great despotic singers of the 18th century, Catherine II., Joseph II., and Frederick the Great. Catherine, though she introduced Italian opera into St. Petersburg, perhaps, as some opponents of that entertainment will say, for that very reason could not be looked upon as a lover of music. She composed and translated a number of comedies for the Russian stage, but occupied herself very little with musical matters; and, either because Plato expresses himself slightly of the study of music, or, perhaps, because she had a bad recollection of the style in which her husband, Peter III., used to play the violin before she caused him to be strangled, she excluded music from the subjects in which her son Paul was to be instructed. Joseph II. showed himself on many occasions a good friend to the composers and singers of the Vienna opera-house; and Frederick the Great brought to Berlin many eminent vocalists who, but for him, would not have been heard in what, at that time and for long afterwards, was by no means a musical city. Frederick the Great, king, warrior, philosopher and indifferent poet, had, like many other great men, a firm conviction of his ability to shine in even more walks of life than those for which he was really fitted. As manager of the Court Theatre, he not only furnished the funds but engaged the artists, directed the performances in a general way and, on important occasions, though scarcely able to read a score, conducted the orchestra. Quantz, the flute-player, who had given the royal impresario private lessons on his favourite instrument, told the world, after he had left Berlin, how badly his pupil and master played. Frederick can scarcely have been a judge of singing; but one is inclined to feel a certain regard for him on reading in the anecdotes of the time that he was accustomed, when any gross departure was made from the vocal score, to hit the offender with his conductor's baton.

To be a successful manager it is really necessary to have some of those qualities of administration and of command which the great Frederick undoubtedly possessed. The impresario is at the head of an army, of which there is no pre-established discipline, as in an organised military force, and in which it is often very difficult to reconcile the conflicting claims of the chiefs. If he had only to deal with men, the matter would not be so difficult. Among his most distinguished leaders are women and in these days it is on women that he chiefly depends. By a judicious use of the departmental system he need not trouble himself in detail either about the orchestra, which can be left to the conductor, the chorus, which concerns the chorus master, or the ballet, which is, of course, under the ballet master's superintendence. The business of the stage, too, can be left to the stage manager, and even for the band of carpenters, as the scene shifters are called, there is an appointed chief. But the operatic system is not established in so fixed a manner as that appeals cannot be made to the manager, and, unlike Barbaja and like the before-mentioned Roman general, the really able manager should know something of every person employed on his establishment.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For important reasons of a business nature, the Proprietors of "The Lute" find it expedient to issue their Journal on the FIRST instead of the 15th of each month.



THE LUTE.

LONDON, JUNE 1, 1884.

THE SACK AND THE TUB IN OPERA AND DRAMA.

AMONG what, in stage parlance, may be called the "properties" of literature, there are none that have played a more important part in tragic as well as comic works than the two homely and apparently harmless objects of every-day use whose names are placed at the head of this article.

"Dans le sac ridicule dont Scapin s'enveloppe
Je ne reconnais plus l'auteur du *Misanthrope*"

wrote that same Boileau who, when Louis XI. asked him who was the greatest writer of his reign, answered without hesitation, "Molière." Victor Hugo's use of the sack in *Le Roi s'amuse* (known to the English theatre-going public by Verdi's operatic version of the play) is not "ridiculous." But it perhaps borders on the monstrous. Francis the First's jester has bargained with an assassin for the death of the King, whose body is to be delivered to the injured mountebank in a sack. His daughter sacrifices herself to save the man who has betrayed her, and it is her corpse, not that of the monarch who has been "amusing himself," that is given up to the vengeful Triboulet. The spectacle of Triboulet gloating over what he believes to be the body of the King, but which, after Francis has announced his own existence in a reckless song, he finds to be that of his much-loved daughter, is not so pathetic as it is intended to be, and the feeling it chiefly inspires is one of horror rather than of pity.

The sack in which Monte Christo is cast into the waves is employed to good dramatic purpose in a work which aims neither at the farcical, like *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, nor at the tragic, like *Le Roi s'amuse*, but which is a master-piece of ingenuity. Monte Christo has, it will be remembered, taken with him into the sack a knife, with which, as soon as he is well under water, he rips up his canvas covering and, setting himself at liberty, swims to a place of safety. Dumas's famous incident is, after all, less ingenious than the highly-complicated one

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Organ.



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"LUTE." No 18.

This Anthem is published separately. PRICE 3^o

"LORD REMEMBER DAVID." Anthem.

Ps. CXXXII. v. 1. 2. 4. 5. 7. 8.

Music by
WALTER WESCHÉ.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Moderato.

Organ.



The organ introduction is written for a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and includes a *Ped* (pedal) marking. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking towards the end.



The vocal and organ parts are written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and organ. The lyrics are: "Lord remem_ber Da _ _ vid, Lord remem_ber Da_vid, and". The organ part is written in a lower register, providing harmonic support. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *Ped* (pedal).

all his trouble, and all his trouble, How he sware un-to the

all his trouble, and all his trouble, How he sware un-to the

all his trouble, and all his trouble, How he sware un-to the

all his trouble, and all his trouble, How he sware un-to the

cres.

Lord, and vow'd a vow un-to the Almigh-ty God . . . of Ja-cob.

Lord, and vow'd a vow un-to the Almigh-ty God . . . of Ja-cob.

Lord, and vow'd a vow un-to the Almigh-ty God . . . of Ja-cob.

Lord, and vow'd a vow un-to the Almigh-ty God . . . of Ja-cob.

Lord, . . . and vow'd a vow un-to the Almigh-ty God . . . of Ja-cob.

cres.

Solo.

I will not

suf - fer mine eyes, to sleep nor mine eye - lids to slum - ber, mine

dim. eye - lids to slum - ber, *cres.* un - til I find out, A place for the tem - ple

dim.

f of the Lord: an hab - i - ta - tion for the might - y God of Ja - cob.

dim.

Slower.

We will go... in to his tab-er-na-cle, We... will

We will go in to his tab-er-na-cle, We will

We will go in to his tab-er-na-cle, We... will

We will go in to his tab-er-na-cle, We will

Slower.

go... in to his tab-er-na-cle, and fall low on our knees, our

go... in to his tab-er-na-cle, and fall low on our knees, our

go in to his tab-er-na-cle, and fall low on our knees, our

go in to his tab-er-na-cle, Low on our

will
knees before his foot_stool, low, low, low, on our

will
knees before his foot_stool, low, low, low, on our

. will
knees before his foot_stool, low, low, low, on our

will
knees low, low, low, on our

poco rall. Allegro. Full. *f*
our knees, be fore his foot_stool. A rise O Lord,

poco rall.
our knees, be fore his foot_stool.

poco rall.
our knees, be fore his foot_stool.

poco rall.
on our knees, be fore his foot_stool.

Allegro. *ff*
poco rall. gues ad lib.

in_to thy resting place... A - rise O Lord in - - to thy

A - rise O Lord into thy resting place,

rest - - - - ing place..... A - rise.....

A - - rise O Lord, In_to thy rest_ing place.....

A - - rise O Lord, In_to thy rest_ing place.....

A - - rise

Full Pedal Organ.

to thy

..... 0 Lord, Thou and the ark, Thou and the

..... Thou and the ark, Thou and the

A - rise 0 Lord Thou and the ark, Thou and the

0 Lord In to thy rest-ing place, Thou and the ark, .. Thou and the

ark, Thou and the ark, the ark of thy strength, the ark.....

ark, Thou and the ark, the ark of thy strength, the ark.....

ark, Thou and the ark, the ark of thy strength, The ark

ark, ... Thou and the ark, the ark of thy strength, the ark.....

Musical score for "The Ark" featuring four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and organ accompaniment. The lyrics are: "of thy strength, Thou and the ark, Thou and the ark, Thou and the ark". The score includes dynamic markings such as *cres.* (crescendo) and *ff* (fortissimo). The organ part is marked "Full Organ." at the end.

of thy strength.

of thy strength.

of thy strength.

of thy strength.

Swell.

dim.

of the same kind devised by some anecdote-maker, who tells a story of a man bent on committing suicide in the most effectual manner possible. That he might be sure not to escape death, he arranged to hang himself to a tree at the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea; so that if the rope, strong as it was, happened to break he would be drowned. Moreover, to make assurance double and trebly sure, he swallowed a large dose of laudanum before swinging himself off, and finally fired at his own head the contents of a pistol. The bullet, however, missed its mark and cut the rope; the would-be suicide fell into the sea, when the salt water that he involuntarily swallowed, caused him to vomit; a fishing-boat picked him up, and he was brought to shore cured of his biliousness and his desire to die.

The sack was, in former days, used not only for drowning purposes, as when the victims of the Sultan's wrath were thrown into the Bosphorus, but also for shutting up and carrying off obnoxious people whom it was not proposed to "remove" permanently. One of the early numbers of the *Annual Register* contains a curious story of a young woman whom, under difficult circumstance, it was found absolutely necessary to get rid of, and who was put into a sack and given to a carrier to be conveyed to the pig market. She had been entertained by an apprentice in Fleet Street during his master's absence, and was importuning him for a piece of silk from the shop, when the foreman of the establishment suddenly returned and disposed of her in the manner related.

In a tale by the late Charles Rubon, whose works, entirely forgotten at the present time, formed the favourite reading of Heine in his best days, and whom Balzac commissioned when he was dying to complete his unfinished volumes, there is a striking example of the various uses to which a sack might be turned under the reign of Louis XIV. Louison d'Arquien is a young woman without principles, and whose only guiding motive is her affection for a ruffian—one of the *spadassins* of the period—named Campagnue. She has given mortal offence to a certain Duchess; at whose behest an officer much attached to the Duchess, and suspected of having spoken of his attachment to Louison, employs his secretary to hire Campagnue to betray the latter into his power. Campagnue, after a brief moment of hesitation, invites Louison to supper, causes himself to be attacked by the Count's agents in his rooms, prevails upon Louison, for whom they are calling out, to hide herself in a sack, ties her up, and then signifies to the invaders of his domicile that the victim is at their disposal. The poor girl is thrown into the Seine; where, however, she is fished out by a kind-hearted glove maker who, returning late from a ball, witnessed the strange proceedings. How Louison behaves to her preserver almost as badly as Campagnue had behaved to her, and how Campagnue, engaged in burglary, breaks into a room where she happens to be sleeping, and mistakes her when she sits up in bed for a ghost; all this must be read in the novel itself. One would have

thought that, after being tied up in a sack and sold to her enemies to be thrown into the Seine, Louison would have regarded her betrayer with nothing less than horror. But when Campagnue assures her that he was very hard up at the time, that he was sorely tempted, that he has suffered from remorse ever since and that he wishes to marry her, she at once relents, disappears with him and with the proceeds of the burglary, and goes to Paris where the Baron and Baroness de Campagnue establish a private gambling house and meet with more adventures.

The sack figures in several of Boccaccio's tales, and in one of the most ingenious but least commendable of the collection (versified by Lafontaine in his *Contes*) the tub plays an important part. Here one of the purposes served by the tub is that of concealment. This is the sole dramatic use to which the tub is put in *Les Deux Journées* (known in German as *Der Wasserträger*) of Cherubini. In this work it is desired to save the life of a man who, for political reasons, is in danger of being executed. The services of a faithful water carrier are enlisted, and the proscribed one is put into an empty water tub and drawn beyond the precincts of the town into the country, where, having escaped the vigilance of the sentinels, he is more or less in safety. The most celebrated of all tub tales is Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. But the tale F. W. N. Bailey wrote some forty years ago, a New Tale of a Tub, which told how an officer in India found himself one day sitting on an inverted tub with a tiger inside it, and how, after much difficulty and many hairbreadth escapes, he so manœuvred as to make the tiger thrust his tail through the bung-hole, by which he was seized and held fast. It was probably in tubs (though the English version calls them "jars") that the Forty Thieves in the *Arabian Nights* were brought into the courtyard of the merchant's house in which they were to have slain the inmates and seized the goods. There is a legend of three wise men of Gotham who, it is alleged, "went to sea in a tub;" and in the old Italian comedy of *Don Juan*, Leporello, when he and his master were shipwrecked, and when Don Juan is saved by a young fisher-maiden (whom, nearly dead as he is, he at once seeks to captivate), sails majestically to shore in a tub which chance has cast in his way. Tubs have often been employed both for serious and for comic ends by the authors of sea-stories, and Thomas Ingoldsby speaking of an incident in which life is saved by some such means says that it is

"Very like one in Jack Sheppard

A work some have praised and others have peppered,
Where a Dutch pirate kidnaps and tosses Thames Darrel
Straight into the sea, and he's saved by a barrel.
On the coast, if I recollect rightly, he's flung whole,
And the hero, half drowned, scrambles out of the bung-hole."

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

A CURIOUS dispute has arisen in South Wales as to the authorship of the Cambrian National Anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" ("Land of My Father"), and it is not surprising that many Welshmen are viewing with alarm the attempt made to deprive one

of their countrymen of the honour of having composed their national anthem, and to trace the tune to the influence exercised over the mind of the Welsh composer by an old English air "Tiptin O'Rosin the Beau," which is said to have been commonly sung in the neighbourhood years ago, but was not then to be seen in print. The words of the Welsh Anthem were written by Evan James, and the air has always been understood to have been composed by his son, James James, who is now the landlord of a public-house at Mountain Ash, and father of a young harpist of considerable local fame. Mr. James in fact claimed to have produced the air in 1856, but writing under date, March 18, Mr. F. Atkins exclaimed, "How unfortunate that someone else should have written an air with the exact musical forms, phrasing, and almost notation forty years before him!" And he went on to say: "It is a fact that the old English 'Tiptin O'Rosin the Beau,' was popular in Cardiff and the neighbouring places about 35 years ago, having been introduced by Mr. Fitzwilliam in an extravaganza which I heard when a boy at the Cardiff Theatre, when it got about the streets and into convivial parties in the town, and may have been carried about by the itinerant harpists, who found the Welsh harp exceedingly convenient, being portable, for public-house music. The last time I heard 'Tiptin O'Rosin the Beau,' was at Ty Derwen Deg, a highly respectable public-house, formerly standing in Angel Street, but since removed for street improvements. On this occasion there were assembled a small 'convivial party,' a chairman with a hammer, and spontaneous music was the result from the merry fellows, who, together with the aid of a harp accompaniment, exercised their vocal powers. . . . Some time it continued to be the property of the tap-room, but ultimately, like other popular airs, fell into disuse. It is just possible that this old melody may have got into Mr. James's head, and he, not having seen any music of it, may have innocently written it out some time after, believing it to be the natural production of his own brain."

ANOTHER correspondent—George Stephens—followed this up by stating "that in the year 1832—52 years ago—I, in company with dozens of other boys of my own period, learnt the tune and words of "Tiptin O'Rosin the Beau," in a field at Stroudwater, Gloucestershire, at the foot of the stage of Baker's Travelling Theatre, where some three or four Merry Andrews sang both tune and song, to the accompaniment of as many fiddlers." The controversy now proceeded warmly, and in reference to a further letter by Mr. James, Mr. Atkins took the occasion to observe: "When it was pointed out to Handel that two movements, 'The Pastoral Symphony,' and the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' in his great work of the *Messiah* were similar to a pastorelle and another movement with a figured bass in Corelli's concertos written long before, he remarked that 'he hoped his critics would find enough left in his *Messiah* to enable him to claim it as his own.' It is to be hoped that Mr. James does not stake his reputation upon this case, if so, I am sorry." Whereupon, Mr. R. H. Jones, a correspondent, who resides in the district, announced that he had in his possession a volume of MSS. music which contained a copy of an air called "Resin the Bow," which was given to a friend of his something like 30 years ago by a Mr. Dickson, a "peregrinating professor of elocution and music;" and, he added, "If 'Resin the Bow,' which I have, be the melody referred to by Mr. Atkins, I am quite at a loss why Mr. James, who claims to be the

author of 'Hen Wlad fy Nhadau' should be accused of plagiarism. 'Resin the Bow,' as I have it, is written in B flat, 6-8 time—'Hen Wlad fy Nhadau' being in F, 3-4 time."

OUR readers will see that the discussion has reached a very interesting stage, but clearly there is not sufficient evidence to warrant musicians, English or other, in attributing anything like deliberate plagiarism to the reputed author of the characteristic Welsh air. It is very interesting to find that the controversy has been the means of bringing to light one—or shall we say two?—old English airs which were almost forgotten, and it will afford the local musician some little entertainment in establishing the identity of "Resin the Bow" with "Tiptin O'Rosin the Beau," the music of which has a very close resemblance, and is indeed put forward as one and the same old air which suggested the Welsh melody. Perhaps our readers can give us some further evidence on the involved questions of identity which are now presented.

THERE is little danger of any worthy musical aspirant of the present day being driven, by neglect of the public or its leaders, to parallel the tragedy enacted in the last century by the unappreciated Chatterton. For now anxiety is shown more by searchers after genius than by the possessors of it. Society, hitherto blind to musical merits, has become Argus-eyed, and bent upon the discovery of art treasures, which, jewel-like, have the disagreeable trick of concealing themselves in unsuspected places. But lately the whole country was divided into districts, and over each was placed a net to catch the singing birds it contained, in order that they might be brought to South Kensington, and therein caged. Since then, Mr. Curwen has been beating up the bushes of the East-end, and Stratford Town Hall has been used as a kind of trap, into which tuneful creatures, by sundry baits, have been enticed. Anyone curious in such proceedings would have been interested had he visited the Town Hall, on Friday evening, May 2nd, when many young persons of both sexes were to be seen engaged in contests of musical skill, for prizes of more or less value. He would then have had the rare pleasure of hearing six sopranos, each in turn, singing Haydn's air, "With verdure clad," and of joining in the acclaim awarded to No. 3 (no name was announced), the owner of a beautiful voice, and the exhibitor of remarkable skill. The visitor also would have been entertained with four very different readings of Sir Sterndale Bennett's contralto song, "O Lord, Thou has searched me out," and doubtless would have agreed in the general verdict, that No. 3, a young lady with a sympathetic voice and earnest style, fairly carried off the palm. Unless languor had set in, the visitor would also have followed with concern the fortunes of seven tenors battling for a prize to be given by Mr. Curwen for the best rendering of Mendelssohn's "If with all your hearts," and, following the partiality of Mother Nature, he would unhesitatingly have smiled approbation upon No. 3 (3 was the lucky number), the illustrator in this instance of the unyielding dogma "the survival of the fittest." Whether the three arbiters of fortune, who, mounted upon a platform in the centre of the Hall, looked so learned and grave, were of this judgment would concern the visitor but little, as the large company present testified by applause their acquiescence. Indeed, the audience, never so ungenerous as to give signs of disapproval, showed nice discrimination of the particular merits of each

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competitor, by cheers that varied in intensity and duration in accordance with the different grades of talent exhibited.

No class of Her Majesty's subjects is more loosely defined than that styled "the musical profession." The partition which divides the amateur from the professor is now-a-days so slight that it may at any moment be cleared with "a hop, skip, and a jump." Any lad, having strength, or what is rarer, sweetness of voice, and finding hard work out of harmony with his notions of a perfect life, has only to take off his apron and don the dress coat, and the thing is done. The mere desire of any young person, fancying the pianoforte keys are more becoming to her tapering fingers than the sewing machine, is sufficient warrant for the assumption of professional dignity. Another characteristic is developing. Every follower of the art aspires to be a leader. Carrying the Field Marshal's bâton in his knapsack, he will, with or without opportunity, insist upon flourishing it. A striking, though not altogether uncommon instance of this insubordination was lately seen, when a young man was turned back at an examination established by central authority, as unqualified for a further and final trial. Instead of proving a check, this event was really the turning point of a successful career. Rejected as a subsidised scholar, what was to prevent his proclaiming himself a master or head of an establishment? Necessaries for the transmutation were simply a brass plate on his garden gate, with spirited newspaper advertisements of his "College of Music," and his position was secured. Now he sits in a president's chair, holds periodical examinations, and grants certificates. Whether anything can be devised to remove anomalies that bring the musical calling into ridicule and disrepute is a point demanding the earnest consideration of those distinguished persons who have taken upon themselves the duties of organising and elevating the musical profession. It is, perhaps, vain to attempt to interfere with the liberty of the subject in this matter, yet it is time that impertinence and folly were checked, if only by exposure and contempt.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"After a long and flourishing career the 'Fantasie,' with its companion and rival, 'Variations,' is languishing, and apparently dying. In truth, it has outlived its day; for at the present time it seems an anachronism in the concert programme. No longer does the ingenuity with which it tortures some cherished tune excite curiosity, much less admiration. Indeed public sentiment is set against vivisection, at least in musical matters. No wonder; for though complacency may be maintained in the presence of a neighbour's trial or friend's trouble, yet it cannot be expected to keep its seat, when a beloved melody is being put to the rack. Besides, the sacrifice is for no possible gain. One does not hesitate to pluck the flower which beautifies the field, in order to grace a dingy home; but melodic flowers, torn up, as it were, by the very roots, seem victims of sheer wantonness when hanging to the framework of a 'Fantasie.' Moreover, there is a certain falsity about the work which is becoming repugnant to the modern purist. What delight can such a person have in watching how like a passage might be made to the true statement? Surely the trick of passing off a changeling is not deserving of approbation. Such exercises of deceptive skill should be left to pleaders and debaters, whose business in life it is to make black appear the same

as white. Yet if anything could retard the decease of the 'Fantasie' the talents of Senor Sarasate would be sufficient. This admirable artist played his own 'Fantasie' on airs from *Carmen*, at his second Concert on the afternoon of Saturday, May 10th, and then did his best to stop the downward course of this order of compositions so dear to *virtuosi*. Sometimes one of Bizet's popular tunes was given out with only slight deviations, at other times it was smothered in embellishments. Now it was turned topsy-turvy, and now inside out. It flickered for a moment, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, up amongst the harmonics, the next it was hanging tremblingly over the fourth string. So erratic was its course that the listener became confused and weary in following it, and felt relief on its termination. Senor Sarasate's skill as an arranger was eclipsed by his talent as a performer. Although he often played with great beauty, and still oftener with dazzling brilliancy, nevertheless one could not help thinking the entertainment should be reserved for friends of a juvenile turn of mind."

It has been for some time past rumoured in the French and German press that Charles Gounod is busily engaged in the composition of a treatise upon the character and works of the late Richard Wagner. So much interest did this announcement awaken in Viennese musical circles that the most enterprising journal of the Kaiserstadt, *Die Neue Freie Presse*, instructed its Paris correspondent a few days ago to seek out the illustrious composer of *Faust*, and "interview" him on the subject of his contemplated *brochure*. Mr. William Singer, the correspondent in question, having obtained an introduction to M. Gounod through Madame Krauss, was favoured by an introduction to the maestro's house, where he explained his mission. A conversation ensued, of which we subjoin some of the most striking passages. "In reality," said Gounod, "the matter stands thus: Shortly after the publication of my essay upon Mozart, one evening, at the house of a friend, the conversation turned upon Richard Wagner. My hostess asked me what I thought of that master. I told her; whereupon she observed, 'You really ought to put all that down on paper.' Why not? I confess that the notion took my fancy, and I jotted down a few of my ideas. In order to put it out of my power to renounce my project, certain persons circulated the report abroad that I had completed a pamphlet on Wagner, whereas my utmost intention had been to write a magazine article about him. To that intention I still adhere. I feel absolutely called upon to do justice to Richard Wagner."

"OBSERVING," writes Mr. Singer, "that I was listening to him attentively, Gounod continued with frank communicativeness: 'Formerly a great deal too much evil was spoken of Richard Wagner; now far too much good is said of him. Doubtless, a man who created such works as he cannot have been a mere ordinary person. Who would wish to deny that his was a great nature, which rendered important services to music? But between just recognition of his manifold qualities and unbridled, extravagant enthusiasm, there is a wide difference. My convictions do not allow me to admit that interminable recitative is endless melody. Endless melody is to be found in Mozart. He always sings. Inexhaustible song bubbles up from every portion of his works. Only listen!' He commenced playing, and then singing with exquisite finish, Zerlina's air from *Don Juan*, 'Vedrai carino'—singing as he alone can sing—and then broke off

into reminiscences from Beethoven's and Haydn's works, regaling me with an admirable pianoforte recital, at the close of which he exclaimed, 'That is what I call endless melody; not an eternal straggling onwards, without goal or repose—not everlasting musical sprinklings (*arrosage musicale*)—not continuous tentativeness, regardless of forms—not quavering masses of sound, devoid of definite formulæ. Such methods overstep the boundaries that even the most original artistic individuality is bound to prescribe to itself. They only lead to heresy; and indeed, as far as the majority of his works is concerned, Wagner is no better than a musical heretic. . . . If it were only he! But the whole crew of his followers and worshippers—it is they who do him the greatest wrong by tacking their own extravagances on to his, and endeavouring to organise the entire mess into a system! As if Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Auber, Meyerbeer had ever thought about "systems" when they wrote their masterpieces; as if sober classifications ever crossed the mind of a composer during those happy and beneficent moments at which his genius finds expression! This never-ending descriptiveness, this effort to depict the smallest matters in sound, how far it all is from the genuine inspiration that descends, like grace, upon the composer from on high! These people only conceal their poverty of ideas under a clamour of words and notes; as if art consisted of doing very little with abundant means, instead of making a great deal out of small materials. Incapable of constructing a shapely and compact work of art with organic, recognisable and graceful or sublime forms they bewilder the astounded hearer with noise and false movements. Tap, tap, tap, again and again and again, wallowing in the vast orchestral sauce (in which never a fish can swim) until they are fairly drowned in it. The consequence of this robust struggle to get on somehow is that it becomes impossible for anyone to concentrate himself, in order to really become something, instead of only appearing to be something. Hence you find most of our young artists excluding genuine feeling and true art-worship from their music, and making nothing but a noise in art, as well as in life—seeking success in fussy festivities, advertisements, banquets and public notoriety. Everything from without and nothing from within. Mere show; no real power.'"

"I ASKED him," continues Mr. Singer, "whether he had entertained any personal relations with Wagner. He replied: 'When Wagner lived in Paris, and things were going badly with him, he complained to me that nobody would produce his operas. I advised him to select the most attractive numbers of his works, and to have them performed at a concert. In carrying out this suggestion I assisted him to the best of my ability. The concert turned out a success; and at that time he was grateful to me. You know how he attacked me later on; but, believe me, that did not in the least alter my opinion of him as a musician. It is necessary, in the case of Wagner, to make a distinction between the man and the composer.' I ventured to remark that Wagner's music is playing now-a-days at nearly all the Parisian concerts, and asked Gounod whether he—taking into consideration the character, artistic predilections and tastes of the French people—believed in a future for Wagnerian music in France. 'Wagner's compositions are being played here,' replied Gounod, 'and it is quite right that those of his works which are beautiful and imperishable should be performed. But it is difficult for me to believe that his music

will ever find a lasting home in France.' He added with solemnity: 'On the contrary, I see the time rapidly approaching at which the whole world will become weary of these musical sophists and rhetoricians who unremittently strive to transform human pleasures and enjoyments into suffering. The object of music is to make people happy, not to sadden them or to increase their griefs and gloominess. Whether Wagner meant it or not, his music has become the tattered umbrella under which Messieurs les Chevaliers de la haute blague—the champion humbugs—try to shelter themselves from a bursting downpour of public discontent. A storm-blast will sweep this thing away, and all that is gay, noble and lovely will then sparkle in brilliant sunshine.'"

AN odd, trivial, tattling sort of book, professing to be a biography of the greatest vocalist of modern times, Adelina Patti, has recently been published by one Louisa Lauw, formerly a confidential maid, humble companion and "sheep-dog" (to borrow an apt epithet from *Vanity Fair*) of the inimitable *prima donna*. This "Memoir," as it is intitled, teems with personal anecdotes, many of which are intrinsically unimportant, whilst a few are strangely indiscreet and in bad taste. One and all, however—especially those concerning the Diva's alleged *affaires de cœur*, to which the vulgar instincts of a servant-maid have prompted Louisa Lauw to give publicity—will in all probability be read with avidity by that very large class of people which is devoured by a morbid curiosity respecting the most insignificant sayings and doings of distinguished public characters. Such persons will peruse with keen interest a more or less trustworthy chronicle of Madame Patti's habits, whims and superstitions, of what she eats, drinks and avoids, of her social successes and domestic mishaps. Here and there in the book, however, are to be found passages which illustrate, pleasantly enough, the amiable characteristics of the gifted songstress—her light-heartedness, sweetness of temper, impulsiveness and generosity—as well as striking episodes, culled from the long list of her professional experiences and adventures in different parts of the world.

DURING Adelina Patti's first visit to Vienna—she was a mere girl at the time, according to her biographer—she struck up a lively friendship with the celebrated musical critic, Dr. Edward Hanslick, who visited her almost daily at the apartments she occupied under the tutelage of her brother-in-law, Strakosch. She delighted at that time in the waltzes of Johann Strauss, and was wont to coax Dr. Hanslick to play them to her by the hour—even sometimes to dance with her while Strakosch "presided at the piano." Her natural spirits, *espèglerie* and love of fun were such that she exercised an irresistible fascination upon the gravest musical Dons of the Kaiserstadt, and became the spoiled darling of the sympathetic Viennese, whose absorbing interest in her found expression on more than one occasion, in demonstrations that subjected her to somewhat perilous inconvenience. One Sunday, for instance, she had been singing magnificently in a mass performed at one of the fashionable Vienna churches; and when she appeared at the door, leaning on Strakosch's arm, an enormous crowd, assembled in front of the building, closed upon her so roughly, in its anxiety to "get a good look at her," that, half suffocated, she lost her nerve and fainted away. By almost superhuman exertions Strakosch and a few gentlemen who had joined her as she left the choir, fought their way through the

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through, and succeeded in carrying her, still unconscious and considerably dishevelled, to the neighbouring palace of Count Edmond Zichy, where they deposited her upon the lowest step of the grand staircase, whilst the gigantic *Suisse*, assisted by some of the Hungarian magnate's stalwart retainers, thrust back the over-curious and closed the great gates upon them. Meanwhile the fair songstress was conveyed to Countess Zichy's apartments, where, under the care of that kindly lady, she speedily revived.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

CARDIFF.—The Cardiff Choral Society produced the oratorio of *Elijah* on the last day of April at the Drill Hall. The conductor was Mr. D. C. Davis. The leading vocalists were Miss Jose Sherrington, Miss Hilda Wilson, Signor Poli, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. The chorus numbered 120 voices, and there were 35 performers in the orchestra. Handel's *Dead March* (Saul) was played at the opening of the proceedings, in memory of Sir Michael Costa.—During the month there have been numerous musical entertainments at the Public Hall, Queen Street, in connection with the Art Exhibition, in aid of a fund for the support of the proposed Royal Cambrian Arts Academy at Cardiff. The Crystal Palace Company appeared on several occasions, and while some of their performances were open to criticism, many of their songs were highly appreciated. Mr. Richard Cummings, Madame Cave-Ashton, Miss Theresa Cummings, Mr. F. Leigh gave great satisfaction in this connection.—On the evening of the 12th May, the Cardiff Orchestral Society, assisted by Miss Jessie Royd and Pipe Major Hall, 2nd Highland Light Infantry, gave a concert of Scotch music, in the same building. Signor Paggi, flautist, and his daughters Mdle. Anita, Mdle. Linda and Mdle. Josephine have also on various occasions taken leading parts in concerts of a very admirable character. The exhibition was closed on the 19th May, the result financially being, we regret to say, a deficit, which the guarantors will have to be responsible for, failing the help of the public. On the last night, Madame Williams-Perin, Madame Stephens and Miss Polly Rowlands, a very young lady, were among the vocalists.—There is to be a peal of eight bells placed in the new belfry tower of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church. They are to be cast by Messrs. Llewellyn and James, Bristol, in the key of E. flat. The tenor bell will weigh one ton and a-half.—A new organ has been erected in Bethany Baptist Chapel at a cost of about £460 by Messrs. Conacher and Co., of Huddersfield. It comprises great, swell and pedal organ, with two rows of manuals. The great organ contains eight stops, CC to G, the pipes being all metal excepting the stopped diapason which is of wood. The swell has ten stops, and the pedal organ two stops ranging from CCC to F.

GLASGOW.—Preparations are being now made in connection with next season's Choral Union Concerts. The executive committee met some time ago to discuss the choral works to be performed, and their choice has fallen upon *Israel in Egypt*, *Elijah*, and, as a matter of course, the *Messiah*. There will also be a concert devoted entirely to Handel's works, as a local contribution to the forthcoming bicentenary celebrations. The *Messiah* is invariably given on New Year's Day morning, and as the concert forms one of the series of twelve, the feeling grows that Handel's work should be withdrawn altogether from the subscription. There is much to be said in

support of such views, for, the season being a short one, many patrons desire that the *Messiah* performance be dealt with as an *extra* concert, thus giving subscribers an additional opportunity of hearing less familiar works. Bearing, further, upon this subject, it ought to be mentioned that the New Year's Day audiences are largely made up of "country cousins," and of town's folks who are seldom seen at the Tuesday evening concerts. Berlioz's *Messe des Morts* will, probably, again be heard, but it is understood that many of the choristers are averse to renewing acquaintance with what has been aptly termed a "monstrosity." In several circles the Frenchman's orchestral devices have excited feelings of ridicule and contempt, by reason of his travesty of a dread subject. Many musicians join in the hope that the last of this work has been heard in Glasgow, looking, as they do, with grave suspicion, on the *bona fides* of professed admirers of its contents.—The redoubtable Doctor has been North, but wild horses, it is said, could not have dragged him to Glasgow. The loss is probably the Doctor's, for, if only out of curiosity again to see the daring one who recently crossed swords with Intendant Huelsen, a large audience might have turned out. On his last visit to Glasgow, the Doctor played to a poor house, due, possibly, to the keen memories of amateurs who had not forgotten his contributions to the Leipzig *Signale*. Well, our erratic friend presented himself at Edinburgh on the 10th ult., and, in the Music Hall there, he gave a recital before a good, though by no means an enthusiastic audience. Some rapturous ones went, though, from Glasgow, and they returned convinced more than ever that there is only one Doctor, though he poked fun at them with a curious programme. Beethoven, for example, was represented by some comparatively unimportant selections, and there were, also, feeble specimens of Raff and Rubinstein.—The Royal English Opera Company paid its first visit to Glasgow on the 12th ult., under the auspices of Mr. McNeill, the new lessee of the Gaiety. Business during the first night or two was not good, but towards the end of the engagement, large audiences greeted the efforts of Mesdames Julia Gaylord, Blanche Cole, Philippine Seidle, Messrs. J. W. Turner, Packard, Sauvage, Fox, &c., &c. The familiar repertoire comprised *Maritana*, *Faust*, *Figaro*, *Lily of Killarney*, *Fra Diavolo*, and the *Trovatore*. Local amateurs had looked forward to forming acquaintance with the *Piper of Hamelin* and *Susanne*, a couple of works played elsewhere by the company. The band and chorus require considerable strengthening, and, on a return visit, these adjuncts ought to be better looked after.—Young D'Albert's letter to the *Neue Musik Zeitung* of Cologne has drawn out, hereabouts, expressions of sympathy with the lad's father. Mr. D'Albert, senr., taught dancing in Glasgow for several seasons, and was held in high esteem. He is equally well-known as a composer of many exhilarating quadrilles. What, then, is the meaning of the overpowering youth's thanks "to my father, Hans Richter and Franz Liszt, for everything?" Truly, this *enfant terrible* ought still to be clinging to the apron strings.—Each season seems to bring with it an improvement in the singing of the Glasgow Academy choir. This record of progress is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the conductor has much fresh material to deal with at the beginning of his session: As a rule, the music brought forward at the annual concert is selected with admirable taste, and the programme submitted on the evening of Friday, 9th ult., proved no exception. The *pièce de résistance* was Henry Smart's cantata, *The Fishermaidens*, the choral numbers in which were

uniformly sung with a rare degree of musical intelligence, and, more particularly, the bright and vigorous opening chorus. An earnestness of purpose marked, it may indeed be said, all the efforts of the young vocalists, one of whom, Master Binning, phrased the ballad, "It was the little Lilian," with fine feeling; and artistic support was furnished, throughout, by the pianoforte and harmonium accompaniments. These were in the safe care of a lady and a gentleman who have oft and again lent the choir their valued aid. The miscellaneous selections in the programme included Mendelssohn's motett, "Jubilate Deo," Tours's anthem, "Blessing, glory, wisdom," a powerful rendering of Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm," by Mr. Ross, and the initial appearance in a concert room of Mr. William Hume's new song, "Sailor, my sailor." It is no exaggeration to say the new comer drew a storm of applause, and that there was no resisting the demand for a repetition of the bright and breezy ditty, with its ear-catching refrain. Mr. McLaren, the indefatigable conductor of the choir, has again earned warm commendation. The Concert was, indeed, so successful that, by request, it was repeated on the evening of the 20th ult., and on behalf of the funds of the Royal and the Western Infirmarys.

ILFRACOMBE.—On May 1st, the last Concert for the season of the Choral Society was given in the Oxford Hall. The programme consisted, most appropriately, of Sir Sterndale Bennett's Pastoral, *The May Queen*, followed by a miscellaneous selection. The soloists were—soprano, Miss Willis; contralto, Miss Mabilla Chanter; tenor, Mr. Sidney Harper; bass, Mr. F. H. Colwill; solo pianoforte, Miss Helms. The chorus, which was not so strong as on former occasions, rendered the music with taste and expression, due attention being given to lights and shades, which add so greatly to the charm of the cantata. The band was chiefly composed of amateurs, members of the Ilfracombe Orchestral Society, and, under the skilful leadership of our old acquaintance, Mr. M. G. Rice, of Torquay, they acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. Mr. Willis was of course conductor, and showed all his accustomed verve and skill.

LIVERPOOL.—The death of Mr. Henry Sudlow has left a wide gap in Liverpool musical society. For nearly forty years the deceased gentleman had been Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, and there can be but little doubt that the troubles into which it fell some time ago were seriously taken to heart by Mr. Sudlow, whose whole worldly being was wrapt up in the Society which he had so long and faithfully served.—The annual meetings of the two leading musical bodies of the town have just taken place, and the reports read in each case were everything that could be desired. The works announced for next season are materially the same as those named in this column a month ago.—Mr. Carl Rosa, who has become lessee of the Royal Court Theatre, completed a six nights' season on Saturday last, playing *Carmen*, *Il Trovatore*, &c., with Madame Marie Roze. Much disappointment has been expressed that he did not perform *The Canterbury Pilgrims*.—The arrangements for the forthcoming National Eisteddfod are rapidly approaching completion. Dr. Parry's new work, *Nebuchadnezzar*, will be the only important novelty.

MANCHESTER.—The only musical event of any importance during the month has been the visit of Herr Richter. Two Concerts were given by him in the Free Trade Hall on April 24th and 26th to very poor audiences. Of course his old friend Wagner was well represented, and

the playing of the band under his able conductorship was much appreciated. Though the audiences were small they were enthusiastic in the extreme. As the great Richter, with a splendid band of 100 performers, failed to attract, many have doubted whether we are entitled to the high character we have as a musical community. But perhaps high prices and the lateness of the season had something to do with it.

PORTMADOC.—A performance of Handel's *Messiah* was given on the 18th April by the Choral Society before a large audience. Miss Jones Morewood, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. John Henry, and Eos Morlais were the principal vocalists. Miss Eleanor Rees created a deep impression by her rendering of "He was despised," Mr. John Henry was very successful in "Why do the nations," and "The trumpet shall sound" (the trumpet obbligato being very well played by Mr. H. Foster). Eos Morlais finely rendered all the tenor solos, especially "Thou shalt break them." The band of twenty performers, led by Mr. Fred. Duncanson, was very efficient, the "Pastoral Symphony" in particular being finely played. Mr. John Roberts conducted the performance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS.

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

DEAR SIR,—I read in this day's *Daily Telegraph* an article disclosing information about Beethoven and the discovery of two cantatas at Leipsic, supposed to be his compositions, and a remark on the above work.

The writer of the article is cautioning the public against receiving the newly-discovered cantatas as being the production of Beethoven, as it is not yet known for certain that they are really Beethoven's compositions, and he goes on to say that many works have been credited to men who have not composed them, for instance, the so-called "Mozart's Twelfth Mass," which Mozart never wrote.

As this is the first time I have known or heard of such a statement, I should very much like to know if anyone can tell me through your valuable columns who is the composer of the "so-called Mozart's Twelfth Mass?"

I shall feel greatly indebted to you if I can obtain the information through your columns.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

A. E. ROGERS.

Bridge Street, Belper, May 15, 1884.

[The best authorities, including Köchel, author of the famous Thematic Catalogue, and Otto Jahn, the composer's most painstaking biographer, agree that the Mass in G was not written by Mozart. They reject it, therefore, along with a large number of other forgeries. It is not known who was the real author.—Ed. LUTE.]

ENGLISH COMPOSERS.

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

SIR,—Mr. Haweis seems to sneer at English composers. Now England has yielded some very good composers. Suppose we look up their names? I have always deemed Purcell to be one; and Dr. Arne to be another. And, in modern times, Sir H. R. Bishop, who was a most voluminous composer and arranger. Many of his best glees formed portions of operas.

On the 21st March, 1836, at Gloucester, I heard Lady-then Mrs. H. R.—Bishop sing her husband's pretty air, "Come summer, come," accompanied by her husband. She—as well as the late Mrs. W. Knyvett—sang at the Abbey Festival in 1834, when "Miss Clara Novello"

also sang. Hence I conclude that she was not quite so young when she was married to Sir H. R. B., as was represented in the recent obituary notices of her. Bishop's "Battle of the Angels," composed for Braham, is also good music.

Then some of the music of the late W. H. Calcott, with whom I was acquainted, is very good.—Yours, &c.,
AN AMATEUR.

Chippenham, 19th May, 1884.

[We shall be glad to hear occasionally on matters of "Auld lang syne" from our respected and venerable correspondent.—Ed. LUTE.]

SCRAPS FROM AMERICA.

THE London papers are making comparisons between Langtry and Fortescue. But that is absurd. The exact difference is that Langtry tried to get out of society into art and couldn't, and Fortescue tried to get out of art into society and didn't.

THE *Baltimore Telegram* says: "Frau Materna weighs 247 pounds, and is in other respects feeling quite well. Her voice combines the sweetness of the canary with the distant roar of the lion."

ADELINA PATTI, writes a San Francisco correspondent, was intensely mortified by the enthusiastic social reception accorded by the élite of the city to Mme. Gerster. The Hungarian diva was overwhelmed with attention, and when Signor Lombardelli died her munificent donation of 1,000 dollars to the widow completed her social conquest, and her artistic triumphs became the town talk. The following is a list of some of the subscriptions on that occasion:

	Dols.
J. H. Mapleson.....	600
Galassi	150
Caracciolo	25
Adelina Patti.....	150
Nicolini	50
Mme. Dotti	50
Etelka Gerster Gardini	1000
Luigi Arditi	30
A. Rinaldini	5

In addition to their donations Signors Galassi and Cherubini volunteered to sing all the parts of the deceased for the remainder of the season, provided Colonel Mapleson would pay the widow her dead husband's salary.

Mr. ABBEY's musical family broke up like a lot of sick, quarrelsome children that are laggards to school. The high class musical temperament is too excitable to make its possessor sensible like other folks. A new code of laws has to be fixed for prima donnas anyhow.

LACHNER was a man remarkable for his rough speech and severity of criticism. After Hans von Bülow had been elected Lachner's successor as leader, the orchestra over which Lachner used to preside gave a concert. After the performance of a symphony with great fire and exactness, Bülow turned to the orchestra, and said: "Well, Mr. Lachner, the orchestra played well." This he did with a challenging sort of a tone which gave offence to the old veteran. Quickly he replied, "Well, yes, of course, the orchestra which I trained for thirty years you could not spoil as yet in the two months since you are here." Hans after that let Lachner alone.

A MILWAUKEE girl got mad, chopped off her finger, and sent it with the engagement ring to her faithless lover. As soon as the lover saw that she could no longer play the piano, he rushed to her side and married her.

REVIEWS.

DUNCAN, DAVISON AND Co.

Life's Dream is o'er, Farewell. Duet, arranged from the popular Romance, "Alice, where art thou?" Composed by J. Ascher.

THE long favourite song "Alice, where art thou?" will be welcome to thousands in any form, and here we have the melody very prettily arranged as a duet for soprano and mezzo-soprano. It is enough to call attention to the publication.

The Pride of Caer Gwent. Wykehamist Ballad. Music composed by Albert Dawes.

THOUGH of local application and interest this song deserves a word of approval. Old Wintonians will take to it as young ducks to water.

Andantino by Sir J. Benedict. Arranged for the organ by H. Drew.

THIS movement, originally written as a pianoforte duet, makes an interesting and effective organ piece of a character adapted for use at concerts and recitals. Organists in search of novelty might do much worse than give it their attention.

REVIERE AND HAWKES.

Tutor for the Violin. Selected, arranged and composed by Otto Langey.

A VERY well-arranged and useful manual, adapted to benefit the modest amateurs who are trying to make progress on the violin without the regular aid of a professor. The exercises are unusually full and good.

Ave Maria. By Schubert. Arranged for the American Organ by Louis Engel.

THE *arpeggio* accompaniment which is so conspicuous a feature in the original has, of course, no place in this arrangement, and its omission so changes the character of the piece that the result must be judged without comparison. So looked at, the movement recommends itself as pleasing and effective. We need not praise the lovely melody.

LAMBORN COCK.

Catechism on the Rudiments of Music (Enlarged Edition). By E. Ellice Jewell.

THE esteemed authoress of this little work modestly explains in her preface, that its existence is due to the fact that she has been unable to find a recent book on the Rudiments of Music in the form of question and answer. We will say for her that the clearness of the Catechism, its comprehensiveness and neatness of expression would give it a *raison d'être*, did twenty others of the kind exist. The book is obviously intended mainly for the use of beginners at the pianoforte, who, by mastering its few pages, acquire all knowledge necessary to them at the earliest stage. Teachers should not overlook the fact that they have a valuable helper here.

Harmony Notes. Compiled by E. M. Bowles.

THIS is another useful manual, compiled by an experienced teacher, for personal use in preparing classes, with a view to the Cambridge Local Examinations for girls and women. After looking through its pages we cannot say that every definition and explanation seem to us the best possible. There is always room for difference of opinion on purely technical, as well as purely speculative subjects, but we are in sufficient accord with the author to justify a warm recommendation of the "Notes" as certain to prove a valuable help to beginners in the study of a subject which is quite simple when, as here, divested of needless encumbrances.

POET'S CORNER.

ISOLATA.

LONELY, in the dawning springtide,
When the scent-full violets bloom,
And the clustering hawthorn blossoms
Cast about their faint perfume.
Lonely in the full time splendour
Of the summer's noon-day blaze;
Lonely in the dew-robed morning,
Lonely in the twilight's haze.
With a voice the gentle zephyr,
Echoed by the rippling rill,
To my sighing heart respondeth—
Isolata, lonely still.

Lonely in the throng'd city,
Lonely in the sheltered wood,
Lonely in life's busy moments,
Lonely in its solitude.
Lonely in my wants and doubtings,
Lonely in my hopes and fears,
Lonely in my spirit's yearnings,
Lonely in my oft shed tears.
Lonely making no resistance,
Lonely with a passive will,
Days and seasons pass, still leaving
Isolata, lonely still.

Isolata, waiting, watching,
For the dawning of a day,
When from my ere longing spirit
Loneliness shall flee for aye.
When my own, my lost beloved,
Takes in his my outstretched hand,
Leads me through the sunbright valley
To the never lonely land.
Then the joy of soul communion
Shall my thirsting heart refill,
And the words be hushed for ever,
"Isolata, lonely still."

HARRIET WELLS.

THE "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" of the Paris *Figaro* is about to publish a collection of his articles, with a preface by M. Gounod.

STRANGE statements are sometimes made in American papers. Here is one: "*Life for the Czar* is the title of a new opera by Glinka, a Russian composer, to be produced in London this spring. Mme. Scalchi will have an important part in it." It happens that *Life for the Czar* was produced forty-eight years ago, and that there never has been an idea of playing it in London this season, for Mme. Scalchi, or anybody else.

WE understand that Messrs. Chappell & Co., of 50, New Bond Street, will issue in the course of a day or two, a series of voice training exercises, by Herr Emil Behnke and Dr. Charles W. Pearce. These exercises have been written upon the principles advocated in the well-known work, "Voice, Song and Speech," by Messrs. Lennox Brown and Emil Behnke, and are to be published in a cheap form in separate books for each class of voice, viz., soprano, mezzo-soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone and bass.

THE Government subvention has been withdrawn from the theatres of Strasburg and Metz. Thus does Germany consolidate her conquests!

Le Ménestrel gravely informs its readers that Sir Michael Costa was created by Queen Victoria "A Chevalier of the Three Kingdoms, which rank constituted nobility, and permitted him to call himself Sir Michael."

WE have received the second number of the *Magazine of Music and Journal of the Musical Reform Association*. It contains some interesting articles, several pieces of music, and a good lithographed portrait of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie.

THE appointment of Herr Richter as conductor of the Birmingham Festival is one about which much might be said. We think, however, that those who discuss it now are premature. The proof of the pudding, as a homely proverb remarks, is in the eating.

If the Albert Hall did not fill to the doors on the occasion of Mr. Austin's annual concert, the caterer could hardly be blamed. He provided an unequalled troupe of artists, and the entertainment was one of the best of its kind. Such liberality to the public always pays in the long run.

THE *Musical World* publishes a translation of the article in which Dr. Hanslick announces the discovery of two Cantatas by Beethoven. It is interesting and curious reading, inclining one to put faith in the authenticity of the MSS. There should, however, be confirmation before acceptance.

THERE were some curious doings at Mr. Abbey's final performances of Italian opera in New York. Thus, *Don Giovanni* was given with a soprano and two contraltos, Mdme. Fursch-Madi playing Donna Anna, Mdme. Scalchi, Zerlina, and Mdme. Lablache, Elvira; the parts of the last two being transposed.

MUCH has been said concerning the new Symphony (No. 3) of Brahms performed lately at one of the Richter Concerts. We cannot analyse the work here, but may describe it as the most genial and pleasing of the three. The second and third movements are certain to become popular, while the first and fourth will delight connoisseurs. Hence the work contains something for everybody.

ON the 2nd ult. a successful Concert was given at the Highbury Quadrant Hall by the students of the Highbury and Islington Organ School and College of Music. Miss Berrie Stephens, the Principal, had reason to congratulate herself upon the singing of several of her pupils. That Dr. Stainer's sacred cantata, *The Daughter of Jairus*, was to be performed under the conductorship of so young a lady as Miss Stephens somewhat excited public curiosity, and the audience numbered about a thousand persons.

A CHORAL competition between choirs from London, Swansea, Newcastle, Liverpool, Sheffield, and other towns, is to take place at the Crystal Palace, on the 14th inst., when Dr. Stainer, Messrs. Henry Leslie and E. H. Turpin, are to adjudicate. This will be followed by a great choral concert by singers from all parts, accompanied by full orchestra and military band. Handel's Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice," and Mendelssohn's *Festgesang*, will be performed for the first time at the Palace, and a good classical programme is promised.